

Title: The 400 Squadron Song Book
Service: Royal Canadian Air Force
Date: June 17, 2002

Downloaded + printed song book. (27 pages)

CSU Fes

Available at [http://www.csu.fresno.edu/folklore/drinking songs/html/
books-and-manuscripts/2000s/2002-400-squadron-
songs/htm](http://www.csu.fresno.edu/folklore/drinking%20songs/html/books-and-manuscripts/2000s/2002-400-squadron-songs/htm)

Binder: None

Folder: None

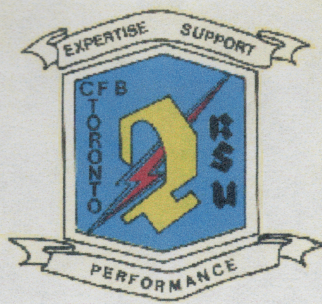
Branch: U.S. Airforce

Unit: 400th Squadron

Date: 2002

Publisher: CSU Fresno

SOURCE: Gretz Collection



The 400 Squadron Song Book

Updated June 17/02

Here's a collection of songs that we use to sing & play. The traditional tunes were passed on verbally. The problem with an oral tradition is that the songs were not generally written down & would be lost with time. Mostly they were performed while having a serious session of drinking! As such, these are bawdy, locker-room or rugby type ballads and are not suitable for minors or those with weak hearts!



Three German Soldiers

Roll Me Over In The Clover

Barnacle Bill The Sailor

Balls To Your Partner, Ass Against The Wall

The 400 Song (400 Sqn's a hell of a place)

The 12 Days of Training

Oral Sex is Good For You

I Don't Want No More Of Air Force Life

The North Atlantic Squadron

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Gagetown Blues

FK Ya**

Do The RSU Shuffle

There were also a lot of little ditties that we'd sing. An example:

"Hooray for (Name),
Hooray for (Name),
Hooray for (Name),
He's a horse's ass!

So drink! chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug,
So drink! chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug,
So drink! chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug,
'Cause he's a horse's ass!"

We'd often make little tunes that were plays on people's names, such as:

"I've got a gal named Tony Verone
She more stacked than the guns of Navarone"

Or this one, to the tune of "La Bamba"
"Mo, Mo Hammed
Mo, Mo Hammed
Mo, Mo, Mo, Mo Hammed (Mo, Mo, Mo, Mo)"

In The Air Force (to the tune of the Village People's "In The Navy")
"In the air force, you can get it on your knees
In the air force, you can get a social disease
In the air force, you can get your share of sleaze
In the air force, In the air force."

Then of course there was the Canadian Armed Forces recruiting song from commercials at the time:

"There's no life like it & I won't regret the day
When I chose to live the Forces way
There's no life like it, There's no life like it, Yes there's no life like it!"
(and there sure wasn't!)

There was also a version of "Rule Britannia" that went - "5 Chinese firecrackers up your ass Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!" Ring any bells?

This bit wasn't a song but an audience participation story:

"Twas the night of the King's Castration
The big ball was coming off
All the viscounts, discounts, & re-counts were there
Even the poor buggers who couldn't count were in the back row
'What Ho', said the King (audience: 'Asshole! cried the knave')
'To the dungeon with him, 30 days on Exlax & water', said the King
(audience: 'I'll die, cried the knave'), 'You'll shit', said the King
'Where ist the Queen' said the King
(audience: 'She's in bed with Lumbago')

'Get that wop out of there', said the King... " (and on).

Three German Soldiers

Note: Sung to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home"

Thanks to: Andy Fiedler for sending the lyrics!

Three German soldiers crossed the line taboo taboo
Three German soldiers crossed the line taboo taboo
Three German soldiers crossed the line they raped the women and drank the wine
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

They came upon a way side inn taboo taboo
They came upon a way side inn taboo taboo
They came upon a way side inn the door was locked so they kicked it in
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper had a daughter fair taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a daughter fair taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a daughter fair With long blond hair And Tits to There
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

They tied her to a feather bed taboo taboo
They tied her to a feather bed taboo taboo
They tied her to a feather bed and fucked till she was almost dead
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper was so ashamed taboo taboo
The inn keeper was so ashamed taboo taboo
The inn keeper was so ashamed he fucked her back to life again
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The inn keeper had a trusty gun taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a trusty gun taboo taboo
The inn keeper had a trusty gun he shot the fuckers one by one
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

Three German soldiers marched to hell taboo taboo
Three German soldiers marched to hell taboo taboo
Three German soldiers marched to hell they fucked the devil and his wife as well
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The moral of the story is taboo taboo
The moral of the story is taboo taboo
The moral of the story is you never fuck in a feather bed
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The moral of the moral is taboo taboo
The moral of the moral is taboo taboo
The moral of the moral is you always fuck in a water bed
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

The Germans thought they won the war taboo taboo
The Germans thought they won the war taboo taboo
The Germans thought they won the war the newfies won it the day before
and they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

And they all said zeig heil tickle my ass taboo

Roll Me Over In The Clover

Thanks to: Mike Richling for sending the lyrics!

CHORUS: Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 1 and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 2, and my hand is on her shoe
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 3, and my hand is on her knee,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 4, and I got her on the floor,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 5, and I think I'm doing fine,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 6, and the Jizz begins to mix,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 7, and she feels like she's in heaven,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 8, and the doctors at the gate,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 9 and the twins are doing fine,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 10, and I think I'll do it again,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 11, and I should have stopped at 7
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Barnacle Bill The Sailor

(Author unknown. I believe the tune is based on one of the same name.)

Thanks to: Mike Richling for sending the lyrics!

Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door
Who's that knocking at my door, said the fair young maiden.

It's me and the crew, we've come to screw you, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
It's me and the crew, we've come to screw you, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Wipe your feet upon the mat
Wipe your feet upon the mat
Wipe your feet upon the mat, said the fair young maiden.

To hell with the mat, you can't fuck that, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
To hell with the mat, you can't fuck that, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

What's that thing between your legs?
What's that thing between your legs?
What's that thing between your legs, said the fair young maiden.

That's my pole to shove in your hole, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
That's my pole to shove in your hole, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

What if we should have a child?
What if we should have a child?
What if we should have a child, said the fair young maiden.

To hell with the bugger, we'll fuck for another, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
To hell with the bugger, we'll fuck for another, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

What's that stuff running down my leg?
What's that stuff running down my leg?
What's that stuff running down my leg, said the fair young maiden.

That's the shot that missed the spot,
said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
That's the shot that missed the spot,
said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Or an alternate verse I remember:

That's only shellac to fill up your crack,
said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
That's only shellac to fill up your crack,
said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Balls To Your Partner, Ass Against The Wall

(Author unknown. The tune is distinct & someday I'll have to do an mp3 version.)

Thanks to: "Axis Silverhand" and "Lydia Pedersson" for sending me the lyrics!

Chorus:

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
if you've never been fucked on a Saturday night,
you've never been fucked at all.

Verses:

First lady forward, second lady back.
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

The Queen was in the chamber, eating bread and honey,
The King was in the Chamber Maid, and she was in the money.

The village butcher he was there, the cleaver in his hand,
and every time he turned around he circumcised a man.

The vicars wife, well she was there sitting by the fire
Knitting rubber johnnies out of old India-rubber tyres.

The village harlot she was there, she was having fits,
swinging from the chandeliers and bouncing off her tits.

The chinese student, he was there he couldn't get a ride
'Cause all the cunts went up and down instead from side to side.

Little Eric he was there, he was having fun,
swinging off the chandeliers and bouncing off his buns.

The village carpenter he was there, looking like a fool,
he brought his saw and he brought his hammer, but he forgot his tool.

The village carpenter he was there, with his prick of wood
He made it when he lost his own, and it worked just as good!

The village mortician he was the, quite out of breath,
while fucking a stiff it farted and it scared him half to death.

Bobbing for apples his wife was, fun to screw around,
when the village idiot tried it, the stupid fucker drowned.

Little Eric he was there, he was only eight,
he couldn't have the women so he had to masturbate.

Willie Randle he was there, at the hot-dog stand,
a grin upon his face and a wiener in his hand.

Mrs. Randell she was there, sitting on a bed,
weaving prophylactics from a spool of rubber thread.

Four & twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
and when the ball was over, there were four & twenty less.

Four & twenty prostitutes came up from Glockamore,
and when the ball was over they were all of them double bored.

There was fucking in the hallway, fucking on the stairs,
you couldn't see the floor for the mass of pubic hairs.

There was fucking in the kitchen and fucking in the halls,
you couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls.

Buxom hippie she was there, she was having fits,
she didn't wear her bra and kept stepping on her tits.

The village magician he was there, up to his usual tricks,
he pulled his foreskin over his head and disappeared up his prick.

The village idiot he was there sitting on a pole,
he pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through the hole.

The village idiot he was there a-leaning on the gate,
he couldn't find a lassie so he had to flatulate.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,
he lined them up against the wall and fucked them with his crutch.

The magician's daughter she was there, doing her favorite stunt,
She'd put her head between her legs and disappear up her cunt.

Little Eric he was there, what do you think about that?
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat.

The village economist he was there, pecker in his hand,
waiting for the moment when supply would meet demand.

The village prostitute she was there, lying on the floor,
Every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

The village bride she was there, explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the womb.

The village blacksmith he was there, a mighty man was he,
he lined them up against the wall and fucked them three by three.

The fortune teller she was there, climbing up the walls,
He wanted a fuck but was out of luck for he had crystal balls.

A pregnant woman she was there, oh how her belly hung,
and every time you ate her out a hand would grab your tongue.

There was fucking on the couches, fucking on the cots,
and lined up against the wall were rows of grinning twats.

Little Joseph he was there, the leader of the choir,
he kicked the boys in the balls to make their voices higher.

There was fucking in the fields, fucking in the oats,
We were fucking women but Bator was fucking goats.

Markie Edwards he was there, looking for some coin,
They found him in the bathroom sucking on my groin.

The village plumber he was there feeling like a fool,
he'd come eleven leagues or more but forgot to bring his tool.

The parson's daughter she was there the cunning little runt,
with poison ivy up her ass and thistle up her cunt.

The village smithy he was there sitting by the fire,
doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.

The village smithy, he was there. His prick was ironware.
When the first begun to rust, he swapped it for a spare

The deacon's wife, well, she was there With her ass against the wall.
"Put your money on the table, boys, 'Cause I'm going to do you all."

There was doin' in the kitchen, And doin' it on the stones.
Ya couldna' hear the music For the wheezin' and the groans

The village doctor he was there he had his bag of tricks,
and in between the dances he was sterilizing pricks.

Little Richard he was there his prick was all alert,
but when the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there they had to throw him out,
for every time he passed his wind the room was filled with soot.

The village postman he was there the poor man had the pox,
he couldn't fuck the lassies so he fucked the letterbox.

Sandy McPherson he came along, It was a bloody shame.
He fucked a lassie forty times, And wouldna take her haim.

The groom was in the parlor, Explaining to his bride.
The penis not the scrotum, Is the part that goes inside.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there, His prick was long and broad,
And when he fucked the farrier's wife, She had to be rebored

Jock McVenning he was there, A looking for a fuck,
But every bitch was occupied, And he was out of luck.

Giles he played a dirty trick, We cannot let it pass,
He showed his lass his mighty prick, Then shoved it up her ass

Farmer Brown he was there, A' jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn Was fairly fucking flat

Officer O'Malley he was there, The pride of all the force.
They found him in the stable, Wanking off his horse.

The village builder he was there, He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes, And blunted all the pricks.

The tax collector he was there, Collecting all his tax,
The woman who couldna pay, Were paying on their backs

The village lawyer he was there, Collecting all his fees,
The men who couldna pay, Were paying on their knees.

The village baker she was there, All covered up in dough,
Men were kneading her up and down, And slippin' it in her ho'.

The village witch she was there, In an upstairs' room,
The men were ignoring her, So she was riding on her broom.

The local herder he was there, And he began to weep,
All these willing ladies, And not a single sheep.

The village decorator he was there, Interiors he likes to design,
Men were leery of him, For he'd fuck them from behind.

The village nurse she was there, Checking all the cocks,
She said of all these blisters, It isn't chicken pox.

The village leper he was there, Sitting on a log.
Peeling off his foreskin, And feeding it to the dog.

The village doctor he was there, Examining all the men.
Having them turn their heads, and grabbing all he can.

The elders of the church, Who were far to old to firk,
All sat around the table, Where they had a circle jerk

There was fucking in the haystacks, Fucking in the ricks,
You couldna hear the music, for the swishing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the parlor, They were fucking in the grass,
And all that you could see were waves, Of undulating ass.

Jockie Stewart did his fucking, Right upon the moor.
It was, he thought, much better, Than fucking on the floor.

There was fucking on the highways, And fucking on the lanes,
You couldna hear the music, For the rattling of the panes.

The village idiot he was there, a-sittin' by the fire
Attempting masturbation with an india-rubber tyre!

The Count and Countess, they were there, a-doin' on the stair
The bannister broke, and down they fell, they finished in mid-air!

The Kingdom Herald, he was there, whattya think o'that?
Blazoning positions wi' a Duchess and a cat!

Mr. Jameison he was there, the one that fought the Boers
He jumped up on the table and he shouted for the hoors!

The Board of Directors they were there, and they were shocked to see
Four-and-twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from a tree!

It started out so simple-like: each lad and lassie mated
But pretty soon the doin's got so bloody complicated!

Clan MacChluarain, they were there, sleepin in the shade
For no one could decide if they were Man, or Sheep, or Maid!

The village pervert he was there, scratchin' at his crotch
But no one minded him at all, he was only there to watch!

The Kingdom Seneshal was there, linin' 'em up in rows
He didna use his pecker, lads, he did 'em with his toes!

The old schoolteacher he was there, he diddled by rule-of-thumb
workin' logarithmicly the times that he would come!

The local Cavaliers were there, in elegance they sat
A-doin' Things Unusual with the feathers in their hat!

The Rapier-fighters they were there, doin' what they could
A-thrustin' and a-parryin' with Real Steel, not with wood!

The local Hordesmen they were there, busier than bees
the ladies wouldna have 'em, so they diddled dogs and trees!

The College of Herald's they were there, in the other room
Arguin' about who would do what, with which, to whom!

The rattan-jocks were out in force and they were such a sight
They didna do the ladies 'cause they'd heard there was a fight!

The old fishmonger he was there, a dirty stinkin sod
He never got a rise that night, so he diddled 'em with a cod!

The Kingdom Laurels they were there, and quite a sight to see
A-doin' everyone they could, and most artisticly!

The Kingdom Pelicans were there, doin' it with a sob
They diddled out of duty; it was just another job!

(insert name) he was there, covered up with smiles
Doin' thirty-two at once, and in amazing style!

All the Kingdom spodes were there, but they just sat and sulked
For this was the occasion that no one told them "Get fulked!"

Clan MacChluarain they were there, chasin' round the Keep
And every single man of them buggerin' a sheep!

(insert name) had a gerbil, he diddled it very well
He didn't wrap it in duct tape: he blew it all to hell!

(insert name) he was there, with his favourite toys:
A dozen beautiful women, and a dozen beautiful boys!

(insert name) he was there; he wasn't very nice
He didna do the ladies, he did gerbils, rats and mice!

(insert name) she was there, covered all in sweat,
Takin' on all comers, and she hasn't finished yet!

(insert name) she was there, covered all in sweat,
The Dark Horde carried her away, and we ain't found her yet!

The Locksley Monsters they were there, lookin' for some nookie
But they got distracted by a chocolate chippie cookie!

(insert name) he was there, a crafty friend of Ghengis,
He speaks a lot of languages; he is a cunning linguist!

The village Masochist, he was there, beggin' for some blows
The Sadist merely looked at him, and softly answered "No!"

Yang the Nauseating was sittin' out in back
The ladies did na' want him for he smelled too much of yak!

The village druggist he was there, grinnin' like a fox
He'd sold out of condoms, so he sold 'em dirty socks!

Buell the Kind was also there, that beggar meek and mild,
He didna' do the ladies, he had brought his favourite child!

(insert name) he was there at the revel feast
He doesn't like the girls, and the boys call him "The Beast!"

And in the morning, early, the Farmer nearly shat
For four and twenty acres was nearly fuckit flat!

It was a grand old party, lads, and sure a Locksley Plot
And every lad and lassie there was glad of what they got!

The Minister's wife, she was there, buckled tae th' front
Wi' a wreath of roses round her arse, and thistles round her cunt!

The Minister's dochter, she was there, an' she gat roarin' fu'
Sae they doubled her ower the midden wa' and did her like a coo!

The undertaker he was there, in a long black shroud
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd!

The local vicar, he was there, his collar back to front
He said, "My girls, thy sins are blessed!" and shoved it up their cunts!

The village fireman was there, quenchin' lassie's fires
He diddled 'em in the firetruck, right beside the tires!

(insert name) was also there, standing back-to-front,
With thirteen inches of candlestick inserted in her cunt!

The village nympho, she was there, wi' a happy grin
Every hole was stuffit fu', and she was fu' o' quim!

The village glazier he was there, with his prick of glass
He diddled 'em in their cunnys, and also in the ass!

One female musician was some sight to watch
With "Dowland" from her lute, and "Palestrina" from her crotch!

There was doin's in the bedrooms, there was doin's in the tub
'Till every single pecker there was worn down to a nub!

The King was in the counting house, counting out his wealth;
The Queen was in the parlor, playin' with herself!

(insert name) he was there, his balls was made of brass
And when he blew a fart, m'lads, sparks flew out his ass!

The tailor was a busy man; his work went to his head
Sewing up the stretched-out cunts with miles and miles of thread!

The Parson's wife, she was there; she was the worst of all:
She pulled her skirts above her head and shouted: "Fuck it all!"

(insert name) he was there; he played a wily game:
He did his lassie fourteen times before he finally came!

(name) and (name) they were there, and they were quite a pair,
Each did a lassie seven times, and never touched the hair!

(insert name) he was there, up to his old trick:
Dancin' naked 'round the room, pirouettin' on his prick!

(insert name) he was there, but he wouldna' dance,
Just sat there with his ten-inch rise, a-waitin' for his chance!

(insert name) he was there; he was the perfect fool:
He sat beneath the old oak tree, and whittled off his tool!

(insert name) he was there, up from Dungaree
With a yard-and-a-half of Glory, that hung below his knee!

The Queen, she had a chicken, the King he had a duck,
So they put them on the table to see if they would fight!

The cows were wearin' bridles, the horses wearin' bits
The Queen she wore two harness-rings thru the nipples of her tits!

(insert name) he was there, grinnin' at the Queen
He'd built himself a dildo, and powered it by steam!

(insert name) he was there, that egocentric elf,
The ladies were na' guid enough, so he went and fucked himself!

(insert name) she was there, and she was very strange:
You stick a dollar in her cunt, she'd spit back 10 cents change!

(insert name) he was there, but he was fast asleep
The ladies wouldna have him, and we'd run clean out of sheep!

(insert name) he was there, big and strong and mean,
Out behind the bushes, boys, picking his next Queen!

They tried it on the garden path, and once around the park,
And when the candles snotted out, they diddled in the dark!

First they did it simple, then they tried it he's and she's,
But before the ball was over, they went at it fives and threes!

The groom was in the corner, oiling up his tool,
The bride was in the icebox, her private parts to cool!

(insert name) (s)he was there, backed against the wall,
(s)he didn't want the doin's, just a lot of alcohol!

First lady over, second lady front,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's cunt!

Fifth lady worn and dry, sixth lady passed,
Seventh lady's finger up the eighth lady's ass!

Ninth lady forward, tenth lady back,
Eleventh lady's finger in the twelfth lady's crack!

(insert name) he was there, givin' happy sighs!
His rise had used up so much skin he couldna close his eyes!

A strapping Scotsman he was there, known to all as "Ronald"
His rise it weighed a quarter-pound...he must be a MacDonald!

Bunny Foo-foo he was there, hoppin' thru the wood,
Doin' the Good Fairy like a horny rabbit should!

Big Goon Foo-Foo, he was there, stomping thru the weeds
Bugging the Good Fairy (his attitudes have NEEDS!)

Monty Python, they were there, with their ferocious MOOSE,
"The bloody parrot's bloomin' DEAD; 'e canna reproduce!"

(insert name), that randy wench, she was also there,
And thirty men were sucked dry before she stopped for air!

(name) and (name) they were there, havin' themselves a ball,
She hiccuped as he took her, and she swallowed him, shoes and all!

The Kingdom Marshal, he was there, full of botheration,
For nobody signed a waiver for the evening's fornication!

(insert name) she was there, and she was lookin' pert,
With six or seven Cavaliers underneath her skirt!

(insert name) was also there, with his feather-bed,
And on the bedposts he had marked his score of maidenheads!

Santa Claus was also there, and very drunk, I fear,
You'd be drunk there with him if you came just once a year!

The village dwarf was also there, that randy little runt,
He'd dive upon a lassie, headfirst in her cunt!

(insert name) she was there, the fattest of the lot,
So they rolled her up in flour, and looked for the wettest spot!

(insert name) (s)he was there, hid behind a mask,
God knows what (s)he was doin', lads, we didna stop to ask!

(insert name) was also there, (s)he was a sight to see,
They bent him (her) o'er the table, and the rest was Greek to me!

James the First and Sixth was there, a sight you should have seen,
He was the King of England but preferred to be the Queen!

(insert name) he was there, but he was runnin' late,
Askin' round from man to man just how to copulate!

(insert name) was also there, but he was fast asleep,
Cuddled up, with a happy grin, beside his rubber sheep!

The (insert name) all were there, that's what I presume,
They buggered themselves into a chain, and danced around the room!

(insert name) she was there, and she was wondrous wise,
With "USDA Grade A Choice", tattooed on her thighs!

(insert name) he was there, sittin' on a stump,
Masturbation was his choice; he didn't know how to hump!

(insert name) was also there, doin' his famous stunt:
Braidin' all the pubic hair on every single cunt!

Anne Bolyn was also there, even tho she's dead,
She's terrific on her back, me boys, but better giving head!

Cyrano de Bergerac, dressed in fancy clothes,
He wouldna use his pecker, lads, he did 'em with his nose!

Pinocchio was also there, and quite a sight to see,
The ladies sat upon his face and shouted "Lie to me!"

Cyrano de Bergerac diddled, with a poem,
And ended his refrain with the words: "Thrust home!"

(Insert name) was also there, and he was lookin' cute,
He didna use his pecker, lads, he did 'em with his lute!

Good King (insert name) he was there, looking very regal;
He wrapped his pecker in duct-tape to make it combat-legal!

(insert name) she was there, lookin' woebegone,
'Cause when you spread her legs, me boys, a little light comes on!

(insert name) (s)he was there, havin' quite a ball!
Shoutin' out "When I am (King/Queen), I'm gonna screw you all!"

All the (insert name) they were there, scratchin' at their jocks,
Doin' things like parakeets, and unsuspecting rocks!

(insert name) was sitting there, filled up with remorse,
He'd got a little drunk that night, and did his lady's horse!

(insert name) was also there, with his brand-new bride,
But when he opened up her legs, his pet canary died!

(insert name) he was there, he canna see at all,
so he satisfied his urgin's at a knothole in the wall!

(insert name) he was there, his brain is in his cock,
He dragged his lady off by the heels, and filled her up with rocks!

(insert name) he was there, feelin' full of oats:
He diddled his lady from Land's End all the way to John O'Groats!

Elanor of Aquitane was dancin' round the room,
She didn't like the Lily, so she took up with the Broom!

Elanor of Aquitane was very, very nice....
She didn't like French Culture, so she tried the English Vice!

Everybody heard about the Ball of Ballyknure,
With four-and-twenty Countesses, a-fuckin' on the floor!

The King of (insert name), worked up a head of steam,
And all the Duchesses in sight yelled out "God save the Queen!"

Good old (insert name) he was there, takin' up the slack,
Separatin' the men from boys with a chromium bumper jack!

(insert name) was also there, and she was very shocked,
When she heard a shepherd boy yell "Lady, go get flocked!"

All the lads and lasses there were mated, ones-and-twos,
Except for good old (insert name) who came inside his shoes!

There was doin's in the hallway, doin's on the stairs,
It was the biggest doin' there had been for years and years!

There was doin's in the roses, in the grass and in the rocks,
When (insert name) caught his -sporrán- in some giant hollyhocks!

It looked sae funny hangin' there, that everybody jeered,
They'd never seen a hollyhock that ever wore a beard.....!

Guid old Jock McNorris took his partner by the arm,
And grinned, and said "Another "do" won't do us any harm!"

They were doin' it in the garden, they were doin' it all around,
There were folks a-doin' on every inch of ground!

(insert name) he was there, sittin' on his tush,
He never made it to the point, just "beat around the bush...!"

William of the Shire was there, he wasna' in the race,
He wouldna' use his pecker, so he did 'em with his mace....!

There were lassies with the syphllis, and lassies wi' the piles,
And lassies wi' their hinder parts all wreathed up in smiles!

There was doin's on the sofa, there was doin's in the chair,
And when they found the trampoline, there was doin's in the air!

Soon all the Duchesses began to sing this song
And it was twice as dirty, and fourteen times as long!

The Sheriff of the Shire in the corner he did stand,
Giving his Staff of Office a polishin' with his hand.

The village blacksmith he was there, but he was not for hire:
He was making giant rubbers out of a tractor tire!

The village baker he was there, and looking pretty mean;
A-shouting that the girls were tarts, and pumping them full of cream!

(Insert name), she was there, that wicked little slut!
Performin' things unspeakable wi' a North Sea halibut!

(Insert name) was also there, a-playin' fast and loose;
Rompin' 'round the barley fields with Marvin de la Moose!

(Insert name), she was there, a lady quite perverse;
She'd worn out all the peckers so she went from bed to wurst!

(Insert name), she was there, and she is past eighteen;
She is a rapier fighter, so she diddled Florentine!

The Musketeers were also there, and they were fast and quick,
You should have seen their doin's with their muzzle-loading prick!

(Insert name), he was there, but he had run amuck
He diddled geese and chickens and a passing Mallard duck!

(Insert name) he was there, with his sharp Chibouk,
While nobody was watchin' him, he diddled him a Duke!

(Insert name) he was there, and he is most discreet
Underneath the bedsheets wi' his favorite parakeet....!

A Corsair captain he was there, he shouted out "Ahoy!"
We'd run clean out of lassies so he did his cabin-boy!

Stick your hand beneath my kilt; I'm a gruesome troubador!
And if you stick it there again, you'll see it grew some more!

All the Peers were also there, and they refused to work,
So they sat around in Circles, and they had a Circle-jerk!

"What the hell's a 'sporrán'?" the lassie loudly begged;
She was answered: "It's the hairy thing between a Scotsman's legs!"

(Insert Irish name) he was there, doin' dogs and such,
You can always tell an Irishman, but y'canna tell him much!

(Insert name) was also there, he is an awful churl
He poked a hole into the ground, and diddled the whole world!

(Insert name) was at the Ball, he's really quite bizarre,
We locked him in the closet while he diddled his guitar!

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
So she did the Fubba-Wubbas, while he diddled a Marine...!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
With pussy fair, and pubic hair, and peckers in a row!

Insert name) was also there, this I must confess:
Buggerin' at the Parson's cat; it's "pussy" none the less!

(Insert name) he was there, a pervert all his life;
He didna do the lassies...he only did his wife!

I have a little pussy, her coat it is so warm,
And if she douches regular, she won't do me no harm!

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water;
They spent the day a-diddlin', doin' things they shouldn't oughter!

Ivan the Terrible he was there, that filthy Russian cad,
The Boyars called him "Terrible," the ladies said "Not bad!"

(Insert Arabic name) he was there, in his white burnoose,
He sat down at the table and he called for "Cunt au jus!"

I'm a pain-in-the-ass, me boys, for singin' this awful song,
But if I'm a pain-in-the-ass, me lass, I'm doin' you all wrong!

Henry the Fifth, he was there, and this is what he said:
"Once more out of your breeks, my friends, and give me English head!"

Ghengis Khan he was there, and he was such a fright!
"First you burn, and -then- you rape; 'tis best by firelight!"

(insert name) he was there, and he is big and hairy;
He spent the evening with a will, pluckin' virgin cherries!

(insert name) was at the Ball, lookin' pretty grumpy;
His pecker isn't very long...the ladies call him "Stumpy!"

(insert name) was at the Ball, for this he is renowned:
His pecker is so very long, it drags along the ground!

The KaKhan of the Horde was there, and he is very smelly;
"First you rape, and THEN you burn; that's how to be rake-helly!"

(insert name) (s)he was there, and lookin' pretty foul,
Doin' seven horses, two chinchillas, and an owl!

The King is the biggest prick you've ever seen;
We may cry "God save the King," but, Lords, God save the Queen!

My Lady went to London, my Lady went to France,
My Lady goes to Fredrick's to buy her underpants!

My Lady's very beautiful, and this is what she wears:
Jewelry, and fancy gowns, but NEVER underwear!

(insert name) she was there, lyin' in the grass,
With "Property of (insert household name)" tatooed on her ass!

(insert name) he was there; we did a double-take,
When we saw him gettin' sexual with a shovel and a rake!

The yurt was getting noisy, the yurt was getting loud;
It was a Mongolian Cluster Fuck, and drawing quite a crowd!

The Old Professor, he was there, sittin' on a shelf,
Demonstratin' to all concerned how Man Makes Himself!

Dracula was also there, dressed up in his cape,
Explainin' to Van Helsing that "It wasn't really -rape-!"

The Computer Nerd he was there, his life was mighty rough,
Complainin' that the wet-ware wasn't wet enough!

Winston Churchill, he was there, down behind the bar,
and when he couldn't get it up, he used his big cigar

(insert name) he was there, and he was smooth and slick,
Tallyin' up his score that night by notches on his prick.

(insert name) was also there, and he is Very Pure,
We think he has a pecker, lads, though no one's very sure!

(insert name) she was there, covered all in sweat,
Takin' on all comers, and she hasn't finished yet!

(insert name) he was there, all filled up with lust,
He'd had so many lassies that his pecker just shot dust.

(insert name) he was there, that rowdy rantin' bloke.
Masturbatin' all by himself with a backhand double stroke

And when the ball was over everyone confessed,
they all enjoyed the dancing but the fucking was the best.

**The 400 Squadron Song (400 Sqn's a hell of a place)
(Author unknown, but obviously brilliant! The melody is familiar but I can't place it.)**

400 squadron's a hell of a place
The organization's a bloody disgrace
It's run by a Wing CO who hasn't a clue
Especially up here at old Downsview

A weekend trip was promised to us,
If we can't fly you we'll take you by bus,
All that we saw was the bloody canteen,
To hell with those men & their flying machines.

Our CO says we must be looking our best
Our shoes must be shiny, our uniforms pressed
The shine on our shoes, you can tell at a glance
Will never compare with the ass of his pants

I believe there was more , something like:
"Warrants & sergeants all gentleman true
hands in there pockets with nothing to do"...

Do you know any other verses? Or the name of the tune it was based on?
Thanks to Doug (& The Slugs) Watkins for providing the missing bits.

The 12 Days of Training (To the tune of the Christmas Carol "The 12 Days of Christmas")

1. On the first day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
A pamphlet on VD.
2. On the 2nd day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
3. On the 3rd day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
4. On the 4th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
5. On the 5th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
6. On the 6th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
7. On the 7th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
7 severed scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts,
and a pamphlet on VD.
8. On the 8th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
8 aching anuses, 7 severed scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes,
2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
9. On the 9th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
9 nifty nipples, 8 aching anuses, 7 severed scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty
whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
10. On the 10th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
10 ticklish testes, 9 nifty nipples, 8 aching anuses, 7 severed scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5
ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.
11. On the 11th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
11 leaping lezzies, 10 ticklish testes, 9 nifty nipples, 8 aching anuses, 7 severed
scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet
on VD.
12. On the 12th day of training my Sergeant gave to me,
12 twitching twats, 11 leaping lezzies, 10 ticklish testes, 9 nifty nipples, 8 aching anuses,

7 severed scrotums, 6 syphilitics, 5 ferries, 4 dirty whores, 3 french safes, 2 boy scouts, and a pamphlet on VD.

Oral Sex Is Good For You (To the tune of "Camptown Races")

1. Oral sex is good for you
Doo Dah, Doo Dah,
Oral sex is good for you, all the doo dah day
Gonna suck all night, gonna suck all day
'Cause oral sex is good for you, all the doo dah day.
2. Anal sex bugs my ass
Doo Dah, Doo Dah,
Anal sex bugs my ass, all the doo dah day
Cum between her eyes, cum between her thighs
'Cause anal sex bugs my ass, all the doo dah day.
3. Tit fucks are good for you
Doo Dah, Doo Dah,
Tit fucks are good for you, all the doo dah day
Cum between her lips, Cum between her tits
'Cause tit fucks are good for you, all the doo dah day.

I Don't Want No More Of Air Force Life (Lyrics by Ken Moores. To the tune of that favourite camp song "Gee Ma I wanna Go Home". First performed at the annual Christmas Dinner "Bun Fight" in 1981.)

They say the Mile High Club is really on the rack
that's why everybody, wants to bring the Otters back

CHORUS:

Oh I don't want no more of Air Force life
Gee Ma I wanna go, back to Ontario
Gee Ma, I wanna go home.

We polished up the choppers until they really shone
and then we turned them over and cut our fuckin' lawn

They say that in the tool crib the tools are all the best
but every time I need one, the fucking thing's U/S

The women in the squadron are all the decent sort
but they can't wear fur collars 'cause of Master Corporal Shortt

They say that Naccarato has jam between his toes
but he just bends right over and sucks it up his nose

They say that Michael Robinson he climbed up from the bog
now he sleeps in a kennel cause he's a fucking dog

They say that Cam Almasy He really is the boss
we got the word from Dorothy he cums Tobasco sauce

They say that Captain Polo his face went really pale
he looked behind his chopper and he had no fucking tail

They say for Frederick Kuzyk the women they all beg
because he keeps his pecker lock wired to his leg

Now we've know Kevin Locky since he was a pup
you get him in a classroom and the fucker won't shut up

We know that Kenneth Moores use to live on a farm
the pigs were always pregnant cause Ken slept in the barn

They say that Bob Procyshen is a man of renown
well we think he should prove it and buy a fuckin' round

The women in the squadron they say are really slick
every time you want one they're on someone else's dick

The women in the Reg Force they say are really great
but with all their diseases I'd rather masturbate

The North Atlantic Squadron

(Traditional tune. Come on, you know it! Here's some verses we knew)

1. There was an old whore from Montreal whose cunt spread from wall to wall
but all she got was sweet fuck all from the North Atlantic Squadron

CHORUS:

Away, away with fife & drum, here we come, full of rum
looking for women to peddle their bum, in the North Atlantic Squadron

2. The cabin boy, the cabin boy, the dirty little nipper
he tried to screw a .22 & someone pulled the trigger

3. The cabin boy, the cabin boy, the dirty little nipper
he stuffed his ass with fibreglass & circumcised the skipper
4. The cabin boy, the cabin boy, the dirty little nipper
he stuffed his bum with bubblegum & vulcanized the skipper
5. The surgeon said the girls were clean, the son of a bitch was off his beam
the end of my prick is turning green, in the North Atlantic Squadron
6. There was a girl from Labrador, she spread her legs from door to door
but all she got was a 2 by 4, from the North Atlantic Squadron
7. The eskimo women they are the pits, they have no box, they have no tits
they whack you off with their furry mitts, in the North Atlantic Squadron
8. The Newfie girls they are no catch, all they do is pick & scratch
and pull the crabs out of their snatch, in the North Atlantic Squadron
9. There was a girl from Moosenee, who spread her legs from tree to tree
all she got was some VD, from the North Atlantic Squadron
10. There was a girl from PEI, who came to Toronto very shy
the 400 men gave her a try, now for 2 bucks she'll service any guy
11. In days of old when knights were bold and condoms weren't invented
they wrapped their socks around their cocks & babies were prevented
12. In days of old when knights were bold and women weren't particular
they lined them all against the wall & fucked them perpendicular
13. The pilot's name was Lester, he was a hymen tester
Through cherries thick he shoved his prick & left it there to fester
14. We've flown the seas & oceans too, and fucked women of every hue
our dongs and balls are black & blue, we're the North Atlantic Squadron

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

(This was an interactive song. What was fun was acting out the movements in unison)

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and What did I see, Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me, Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do, Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too, Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home.

Sometimes I'm up, Sometimes I'm down, Comin' for to carry me home;
Yet still my soul feels heavn'ly bound, Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home.

GAGETOWN BLUES

**To the tune of "Summertime Blues" by Eddie Cochran. Roundel Records Music, 1980.
Lyrics by Fred Kuzyk.**

(The song refers to summer OJT in 1980 at the 403 Helicopter Squadron, in Gagetown, New Brunswick. I was there with Sherman Adams & Andy Gyorffy from the Toronto units. Fixed-wing [Air Force existence] was on the way out for us & rotary wing [Army or "grunt" life] was phasing in.)

1. Well I'm a gonna raise a fuss and I'm gonna raise a holler
About spending all summer at Gagetown just to try 'an earn a dollar
I call up this lady in Fredericton and I got myself a date
But the Sarge says: "no dice son, you gotta worka late"

CHORUS:

Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do 'cause there ain't no cure for the Gagetown Blues

2. We need our cheques and pay docs if we're gonna have some money
Or instead of the Club Cosmo we'll be in the shack on Sunday
Andy's on the line to Corky and she says quote:
"I'd like to help you boys but we've got problems of our own"

CHORUS

3. The Squadron gave me two days to have a fine vacation
But I spent the whole time down at base administration
I saw this grunt Captain and he said quote:
"We like to help Reserves but your rank is just too low"

CHORUS

4. The Squadron gave us rooms down in Transient Quarters
But you shoulda seen the animals we had as borders
I went to the University and rented us a flat
But the Warrant said: "Son, you can't do that"

CHORUS

5. I went to the mess to check out the female flanks
But the women there were built like Centurion tanks
This one said: "With me honey, you'll have no regrets"
And suddenly I felt like I was stuck in a ditch at St. Margarets

CHORUS

6. Sherman's uptight 'cause he misses Tony Verone
And he wonders if some Deutscher's now giving her the baloney
He decides to work on his car but he's gotta get some parts
The man says: "St. John son, it's not too far"

CHORUS

Yeah there ain't no cure for those - dirty rotten, god damn, mother fuckin, army co-operation,
khaki dress, aerial reconnaissance, rotary wing, grunts galore, Gage - town blues!

Fuck Ya

(Recorded by a couple of fellows, McLean & McLean, who performed in Toronto in the late 1970's. This cut became a hit with us & for awhile was an adopted song.)

Fuck Ya, Fuck Ya, F-U-C-K-Y-A
Fuck Ya, Fuck Ya, F-U-C-K-Y-A
We really hate your fuckin guts
We're gonna kick you in the nuts
So, Fuck Ya, Fuck Ya, F-U-C-K-Y-A
We really mean it
(slowly) F-U-C-K-Y-A

DO THE RSU SHUFFLE

(This was an original piece. The tune is kind of a cross between The Doors "Love Her Madly" & "Riders On The Storm". Sung like a dirge.)

Do the RSU shuffle
Never use your muscles
Always take it slow
That's how you make your dough
Playing Casino
That's the RSU shuffle (Boogie, Let's Boogie)

Do the RSU shuffle
Never ever hustle
Always say "Yes Sir"
Then you disappear
There's places to hide, On the Maintenance side
That's the RSU shuffle (Boogie, Let's Boogie)

Do the RSU shuffle
Nothing like the "Trenton Bustle"
No one will tell
And Sgt Bull won't yell
If you sleep in the parachute well
That's the RSU shuffle (Boogie, Let's Boogie)

Do the RSU shuffle
There's never a scuffle
Always try & do less
And they'll never guess
You did a 2 hour lunch at the mess
That's the RSU shuffle (Boogie, Let's Boogie)

